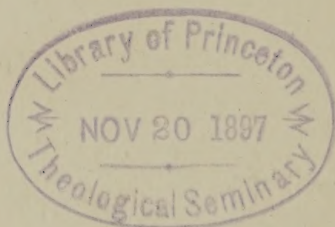


Cardinal Manning : A Character Sketch;
or, Foreshadowings.

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CARDINAL MANNING:

A CHARACTER SKETCH;

OR,

FORESHADOWINGS.

EDITED BY

HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON KING.

London:

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CARDINAL MANNING :

FORESHADOWINGS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following extracts have been made from the sermons of Archdeacon Manning, with the intention of illustrating his character in later life, when he was best known as Cardinal Manning. It has been felt by all who knew him that it is impossible adequately to describe his character. In reading over his sermons published between forty and fifty years ago, while a member of the Church of England, I have been struck by the continual recurrence of passages which seem like an unconscious portrayal and prophecy of himself; and having collected these passages, I am in hopes that, placed together, they form a portrait which, however imperfect, is so true and lifelike that it is impossible not to recognise it. It is painted by his own hand in a strange, unconscious manner. Here we see his ideal of sanctity, as it constantly floated before his mind; and comparing it with what we ourselves

have seen in later years, we cannot but see that his soul was already weaving in secret for itself that raiment of fine linen which is the righteousness of saints, and which in after-days visibly surrounded it in the world. It is a familiar idea that the soul during its earthly life fashions for itself the wedding garment in which it shall be clothed when it is parted from the body of flesh ; and to this he refers in one of the following extracts. (Vol. I., Sermon IV., page 12.) But it is rarely that in this life such a transfiguration is vouchsafed, or the fulfilment in a glorious reality of the ideal aspirations of earlier years.

Whence did he draw this ideal so distinctly and delicately traced ? It could have been only from the depths of his own soul ; for it could have been neither from books, nor from the world around him. There is nothing to show that at this time he was familiar with the *Lives of the Saints*, or with Catholic writings generally. He was a Protestant clergyman, loyally attached to the traditions in which he had been educated. And of the general tone of the English Church and of English Protestant piety fifty years ago, those can judge who can remember even forty

years ago. The standard of fashionable religion, the standard of clerical piety, and the way of life which constituted a reputation for exceptional religion, was such as is hardly credible at the present day, when devotion is a reality to multitudes, and no longer excites remark. The Rev. G. Bampfield, himself a priest of the Church of England at that time, writes a short time since: "The Church of England, fifty years ago, was a body with no doctrine and no devotion; the outward form of a Church, but without faith or love, a body with no brains and no heart." In the depths of his heart rose an image of sanctity, towards which he yearned with a holy passion of desire; the desire grew through aspiration, effort, self-sacrifice, until he himself became the image he had dreamed. But it must be evident to any one who reads these sermons that there was not the slightest self-consciousness in his own mind when he wrote them, and not the slightest connection with himself in his thoughts. They are an unconscious betrayal of his interior self, as it was afterwards manifested in his exterior self.

It has frequently been remarked that the writings of Cardinal Manning, while he remained in the

Church of England, have a beauty and charm not to be found in his later works. This is, doubtless, true, with one or two exceptions; and the causes seem evident. In the first place, these Sermons, written in the lovely solitude of Lavington, in the liberty and leisure of a country clergyman's life, seem the free and spontaneous utterance of his own nature and feelings. They are in no ordered sequence, and apparently without outward suggestion. They have an exquisite autobiographical interest, an almost lyrical charm; reading them over again since knowing him, it is himself that breathes in every line. But his later writings, written under the pressure of many and arduous duties, are mostly on some special subject, or with some special intention, and there is no more of the unrestrained self-communing. Secondly, it would have been impossible for him in later life to have written with the same absence of self-consciousness. At Lavington he could never have imagined the destiny that awaited him. As the Cardinal-Archbishop, already venerated by thousands as a saint, he could not have written of the saints with the distant, passionate yearning of one who was still a stranger to them.

The following extracts are somewhat wanting in variety. They do not embrace the whole of a Christian character, and what is more, they do not embrace the whole of the Cardinal's character. But they reproduce, in an extraordinary manner, some of his most remarkable and distinguishing characteristics; and show the individuality which is so great a charm in these Anglican sermons. It seems to me that any one taking up this little book at random, after reading a few pages, must exclaim "Why, this is the Cardinal!" It may have been thought that in selecting these passages I have intentionally chosen such as illustrate his own character rather than that of others. But the selection has not been made in this sense. They are the illustrations of a holy Christian character, scattered through the volumes, and there are hardly any other illustrations of such a character to choose from. This shows how powerfully his own nature was impressed upon these sermons, written in great loneliness and heaviness of heart.

This little work is very slight and limited in scope; but though monotonous, it is short;

and it is hoped some will find pleasure and profit in reading it, in the light in which I have indicated it; and also on account of the beauty and value of the extracts themselves, to those who value the picture of a holy life. These words are common both to Catholics and Protestants, and enter into no controverted questions. Archdeacon Manning's sermons were widely read and circulated between forty and fifty years ago; but they have not been reprinted for more than forty years, and are now scarce, and known by comparatively few Protestants; while among Catholics they have never been circulated at all. They will, therefore, be new to this generation.

THE EDITOR.



EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS.

From VOLUME I.

. . . Look at the penitent sinner, calm and self-collected, of a gentle bearing and a gentler spirit; shrinking from the approaches of sin by an unerring and almost unconscious instinct; weeping for the sins of other men; mourning in spirit at the recollection of past falls; hating the passing thoughts of evil which overcloud his soul; not only confessing before his Father in secret the sins of every day, but condemning himself as guilty for the very susceptibility of temptation.—SERMON II., *Christians, New Creatures*.

The holy, the pure-hearted, and the penitent, have fellowship with angels, and walk with God, and God dwells in them with a growing nearness day by day; they are ever more and more one with him, and partake more fully of the Divine nature, and are filled with the will of

God; they abide in God, and God in them; they are one with Christ, and Christ with them; they are taken up as it were into the company of heaven, and, by the ascent of their moral being, climb upwards to the throne of God.—
SERMON IV., *The Mystery of Man's Being.*

In this life the holiest will and the most saintly spirit is clogged and checked by the swerving and burden of the flesh. All men fall short of their high purposes; the best of men bear but little fruit; it ripens slowly and uncertainly, and often soon decays; but the will which has here struggled to perfect itself after the example of our Redeemer, shall there be perfected by His mighty working. He shall fulfil the work. They that have yearned to be holy shall be holy without blemish; they that have wept for their feeble services shall then excel in strength—what they would fain have been, they shall be. Their determination of will, and deliberate choice, and faithful toiling, shall fix the character of their eternal lot, what through their weakness they could not here attain, He, of His gracious power, shall make them to

be for ever.—SERMON IV., *The Mystery of Man's Being.*

And as for all the necessary cares of life, they need involve us in no dangers. In them, if we be true-hearted, we are safe. The inevitable relations of our earthly lot are the appointments and declaration of God's will to us. It is He that has surrounded us with them, and there is no danger in His dispensations. "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man." Besides, even though a man were ever so deeply implicated with the relations of Life, there is no need that he should suffer them to usurp upon him. He may live in the midst of them with an unsubdued and single heart; he may meet them cheerfully, fulfil what they exact of him, but do them no homage; yield to them no mastery over his inward purpose. He submits to them as to a rule of God's ordaining; accomplishing day by day his toil, or study, or professional offices; mixing too, in life, taking pleasure in its pure happiness and fond affections, without fear or doubting, knowing that he is where God has

willed his probation. But the deep movements of his heart are reserved for God alone. All other emotions are partial, affecting only a portion of his spiritual life; but this extends over all, and concentrates all upon itself. It is only towards God that he turns with a perfect unity of will. And, besides that, the necessary entanglements of our lot are thus in themselves safe and lawful; God in His mercy shields an obedient mind from the deteriorating effects of inevitable contact with the world. When He leads men into positions of great trial, whether by wealth, or rank, or business, He compensates by larger gifts of grace. The spiritual life is perpetually replenished by "the powers of the world to come"; and we find men who are the most burdened, and even overborne, by the thronging toils of daily life, or lured and solicited by the splendours of the world, not only holding out against the secularising action of worldly things, but even confirmed and elevated to a higher pitch of devotion. The world not only has no power to conform them to itself, but it becomes a sort of counter-pressure, which forces them to take shelter in a secret life of self-renounce-

ment. It keeps them ever on the watch, by a consciousness that to relax is to be in peril; and therefore it often happens that none are more dead to the world than they that have it around them in the largest measure. They have learned its emptiness and its bitterness, and recoil into themselves as into a silence where the presence of God is heard; they have had many struggles with it, and gained many masteries, and suffered many wounds, and they have become estranged from it, and suspicious of all its advances and allurements; and have learned that, whensoever they have leaned upon it, an edge has pierced them, and that there is no safety but in God.—SERMON V., *Worldly Affections Destructive of Love to God*.

The saints have each one borne the cross—each in his own unnoticed way; even though the nighest to them, it may be, knew it not; in some hidden grief, in some despised affliction, in some thing they burned to utter, but never dared to speak. Though the form of their affliction was invisible, yet they visibly bore the cross; and in bearing it, they shewed whose

steps they followed. The character which was upon them was a legible countersign of their claim to be His servants. They had about them an integrity and completeness of the moral life, a fulness and distinctness of character ; standing out from the world around, and yet dwelling in it ; separate, and yet mingled in it ; in contact with it, but unsullied by its touch ; external to it, but guiding and checking its course ; moving it, but not borne along with it. We see in them the mind of Christ ; the high dignity of an austere calmness ; a greatness of soul which the world's busy fretfulness could not even ruffle ; a voluntary disentanglement from all the world counts dearest ; a habitual self-mastery in foregoing honours, gains, and happiness, in choosing hardness, contempt, and isolation. By these the saints of all ages bear their witness to the great law of Christ's regenerate kingdom, that without self-denial no man can serve Him.—SERMON VII., *A Severe Life Necessary for Christ's Followers.*

A man may either deny himself greatly, and once, so that his whole after-life shall bear the

marks of it—as in giving up some high and luring offer, and choosing a lowlier and simpler one; in foregoing some dearly-cherished purpose, that he may be more absolutely the disciple of Christ; in crossing some deep yearning of the heart, that he may have more to lay out in His service; or he may so order his self-denial as to make it a daily and continual sacrifice; he may so mete out his acts as to spread them over a wider surface, and along a more protracted time; which is like retaining what we have, and administering it by a continual stewardship, compared with the selling at one cast all that we possess.—SERMON VII., *A Severe Life Necessary for Christ's Followers.*

And there is still a further reason for a rule of life, and that is, because the Church [of England] imposes on her members no private and particular discipline. Their self-denial, therefore, is the individual act of each. The framing of our own private order of religion is, for the most part, left to the individual conscience. And for minds of a devoted cast, it may be, this is well. From them it may elicit higher

forms of a more conscious self-oblation. But we have need to look to it, that what the Church does not peremptorily require, we do not forget to practise. For the health of the moral character, it is absolutely necessary that we should have some definite rule; and we have no need to strain after great occasions—for our every-day life abounds in manifold opportunities of self-discipline; we shall find them in the hours of prayer, in the practice of charity, in alms-deeds, in fasting, in abstinence, in straitening our ease, in abstaining from lawful, and to ourselves expedient, things for others' sakes, in curbing our pleasures, in bearing slander, in forgiving injuries, in obeying our superiors, in yielding to our equals, in giving up our liberty for the good of others, in crossing the daily intentions of our will. In these inward and hidden motions of the mind we may keep clear both from excitement and from eccentricity, and yet live a life mortified and separate from the world we see, and in sympathy with the world unseen. And the man thus purged of self is drawn ever more and more within the veil; the realities of faith stand out ever more and more before his

eyes in awful majesty; and he lives no longer unto himself, but unto Christ his Lord. He is ever drawing nearer to His throne; and his lot shall be calm on earth, and his destiny high in heaven, even as that servant's who said, "Henceforth, let no man trouble me; for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"; and in the clear foresight of his departure, when the toil and the cross were almost ended, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."—SERMON VII., *A Severe Life Necessary for Christ's Followers.*

Brethren, choose boldly a life devoted to Christ. Be His above all; be His only. Hear the Church saying, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." The world holds you but by a thread; you may snap it in twain, and in the settled though hidden purpose of your soul take on you His yoke for ever.

And having chosen boldly, make good your choice with perseverance. Many a time your heart will hanker for what it once promised itself to possess. Many a time you will almost

fear to walk alone in the way "which is desert." It will seem strange, singular, and solitary. It may be, you will have seasons of a faint will—at times all but consent to revoke your choice, and unbind your resolution. But this is not your trial only. It is common to all who devote themselves greatly. Only be stedfast, and you shall breathe more freely, and poise yourselves more steadily on the heaving flood of this unstable world. The more devoted you are to Him, the more absolutely free shall you be from all perturbations—the safer, the stronger, the happier. True, a devoted life is a severe one. But there is a severity in the perfection of bliss. It is severe because perfect, as God is awful in His perfection. Fear not to give up what the world counts dearest, that you may wear His yoke in secret. Live in lowly well-doing ; in works of alms and prayer, of charity and spiritual mercy. Better to be so under a vow to Him, than to be free to choose this world's alluring hopes.—SERMON VIII., *Christ Our Only Rest*.

Conformed to the likeness of their Lord, the examples of all living men are no more to them than the gaudy shifting clouds of an evening sky; moving along the path of the Cross, all the soft and silken customs of life are as threads of idle gossamer. There is about them a moral weight, and an onward force, and a clear definite outline of character, before which everything gives way. They hurry all before them, as by the spell of absolute dominion. They have about them a dignity borrowed from the grandeur of the end for which they live. Poverty and plainness, solitude and a self-denying life, in them no man dares despise; nay, all men feel that these harder features are more in keeping with the loftiness of their moral choice than the nice proprieties or the effeminate exactness of the world.—SERMON XI., *The Life of Christ the only True Idea of Self-devotion.*

The secret of that stupendous self-devotion which the saints of Christ in all ages have manifested in the world is simply this: they set up the life of Christ their Lord before them. They believed it to be the only spiritual reality

the world ever saw, and that all other patterns of life were cheats and shadows; from it they drew all maxims and rules of living; by it they tried all customs of mankind; what combined with it, they held fast; what clashed with it, they trampled under foot; they gazed upon it, and grew towards it; they fell down before it and worshipped it; and when they arose, and turned from it upon the world, they knew not that they reflected its borrowed glory. They knew not why men followed them, and yet shrank from them; why they resisted them, and yet gave way before them; and they were troubled, and went and hid themselves, and did their works in secret, and bade no man speak of them; and yet their words and deeds came abroad, and kindled others to a like devotion.—
SERMON XI., *The Life of Christ the only True Idea of Self-devotion.*

Never any man forsook anything for his Master's sake but even in this life he hath found reward in some unlooked-for compensation; not, it may be, alike in kind, but full of as deep a joy. The manifold wisdom of His eternal love

attempts to His servants all their earthly being. Though their lot be most various, and most adverse to their self-choosing hopes, though it be ever changing, yet in every change it brings out some unknown and larger outline of ever new reward for all they have forsaken in His service.—SERMON XII., *Rewards of the New Creation.*

And, once more; whereinsoever you resolve to forsake anything for Christ's service, bear the trial patiently, and wait for the end. There must be some irksomeness, nay, some galling edge, some burden in our yoke, or we have need to look well lest we be carrying a mere mocking shadow of His cross. Be not afraid though your life be deemed singular and solitary; His was so, and theirs who at any time have followed Him, each in his way and kind, has been so likewise. When He promises you a hundred-fold, be not content with thirty-fold, nor with sixty-fold. You would be happy to have any reward in His blissful kingdom; but be not therefore slack in striving for it. True, He does not offer you the crowns of

Apostles; but He offers you more than you can ask or think, more than we are ever reaching after. Every day we might attain we know not what; every day, it may be, loses or wins something of the brightness of the resurrection. All we do or leave undone has its counterpart in the unseen world. And what then is life, and what is the world, to that day, when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory?

Forsake all, rather than forfeit your reward, rather than be set far off from Him when He cometh in to order the guests that are bidden to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.—SERMON XII., *Rewards of the New Creation*.

It is by the still strength of a holy character that we must leave the stamp of God upon the world. We shall best spread His kingdom in an evil and revolting world, when we carry most of its heavenly character impressed upon ourselves. It is by a silent and even life of faith and purity, by a patient following of Christ's holy footsteps, by a mastery of temper, by mortifying self, by a steady gaze on His mysterious

passion, by being, and praying Him to make us, like Himself, that we shall bear within us the kingdom and the presence of God.—SERMON XIII., *God's Kingdom Invisible*.

The holiness of the saints cannot fail to be seen. It breaks out by its own strength, and shines around them. Do what they may they cannot hide it. Even their shrinking from the gaze of the world turns into a bright grace of lowliness, and betrays itself by the act of concealment.—SERMON XV., *The Hidden Life*.

The saints of Christendom are as a line of unintelligible characters. The world sees them, knows that they do not belong to it, that they are above it, that they have a strange intercourse with things beyond its sight; it chafes at them, mocks them, hates them, but fears them. It may slay, but it cannot scorn them. There is something too real, majestic, and awful, for the world to dare anything but their death.—SERMON XV., *The Hidden Life*.

We find in them a purity and dignity of mind, a refinement and elevation, a free play

in all the powers of their spiritual being, and a quickness to penetrate into the mind of symbols and mysteries, which is altogether wonderful. Everyone is conscious of it but themselves. To them it is as unperceived, by any reflection, as health or sight. They go on, unknown to themselves, living a life above the world, which makes us wonder at them. They are ever putting forth more and more of power, and unfolding faculties so altogether new, so manifold, and so adequate to every season of great trial, whether in action or endurance, that we seem never to have known them before. They hardly look to us like the same men ; and the more energy of will and reason, the more of sanctity and wisdom, they unfold to us, the more we feel persuaded that there is an inexhaustible depth behind, a source somewhere out of sight, from which they are perpetually drawing in new powers of life. In all their judgments of moral character, their counsels of action, their foresight, schemes and cautions, there is a piercing strength, and a clear wisdom, so unperceived before they uttered it, but so self-evident when spoken, that we are fain to

hear in silence. About all their actions in life there is a plainness and a power, a calmness, a grace, and a greatness, which makes us feel that they move on some higher path than we, and are numbered in a higher fellowship. And so in truth it is. Their "life is hid with Christ in God"; their "fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Their visible exterior life in this world is but the lesser and lower portion of their being. They come down, as it were, from the source and sanctuary of their hidden life, to mix in the works of this lower world. The wonderful light and irradiation which breaks out on all sides of their character is no less than this, the mind of Christ shining out through their renewed manhood. They are channels by which it streams forth into this fallen world. Year by year they have less of this visible life about them; they seem to put off its morality before the time. They are more and more drawn within the veil. They come out seldomer into this turbulent state; their dwelling is in prayer and silence, "with Christ in God."—SERMON XV., *The Hidden Life*.

The hidden life is within the power of all men, be their station never so public, be their calling in life never so full of toil. We need not withdraw from the eyes of men to pass into the world unseen. We are not any the more within the veil because we are hid from the sight of men. We may be in a wilderness, and yet shut out from the invisible world; we may be in kings' courts and crowded cities, and yet be "hid with Christ in God." The avenues stand open everywhere alike; but it is the heart that must enter in. If we have a strong, self-collected faith, it matters little where we are—all visible things grow transparent, and unseen things shine through upon us. We walk as in an illuminated cloud, which softens, but cannot hide what is before our eyes. And that, too, not in acts of devotion and in hallowed shrines alone, but everywhere. In our chamber, in our household, by the wayside, in the scene of our public duties, at all seasons, all day long, the whole vision of the hidden world hangs before the eye of the wakeful spirit.—SERMON XV., *The Hidden Life.*

For there are those who are the true elect; the elect of the elect; the Christians indeed; the chosen ones, with whom is "the white stone," and "the hidden manna," and "the secret of the Lord," and the "new name which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." On them the voice of Christ fell in childhood; or in riper years, it may be in the threshold of life, or in after-life, under some cloud and chill of heart; and they heard it, and were for a long while amazed, as Samuel, at the thrilling sound, knowing neither who spake, nor what to answer. Yet it pierced their heart, and they felt it could not stop there. Why, they knew not; but they knew within themselves that they could never have peace till they had heard that voice again. They felt that they must hear it more closely and more clearly, and know the meaning of the voice. Afterwards, at strange and unlooked-for times, they have caught, little by little, the will of Him that spake; more, as it were, from the meaning of the tone, than from any articulate words. And they have followed Him in silence, not knowing whither, saying deeply to themselves,

I must go on. And they have felt a change passing on them, as from a chill to warmth, like men coming up out of a grave into the noon-day sun. And this mild guiding power has drawn them from faults, and from weaknesses, and from vain hankerings, and from the world ; and they have begun, as it were, to live anew—more thoughtfully, but more happily ; and they verily thought the work was done. Alas for them ! the greatest work was yet to be begun. They were still living in themselves ; self, with its hopes, and promises, and dreams, had still hold of them ; but He had begun to fulfil their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He sent them sorrow ; they had asked for purity, and He sent them a thrilling anguish ; they had asked to be meek, and He had broken their heart ; they had asked to be dead to the world, and He slew all their living hopes ; they had asked to be made like unto Him, and He began to make them “perfect through sufferings” ; they had asked to lay hold of His cross, and when He reached it out to them, it wounded their hands ; they had asked they knew not what, nor how, but He had taken them at

their word, and granted all their petitions. They were hardly willing to follow on so far, or to draw so nigh to Him. They had upon them an awe and a fear, as Jacob at Bethel, and as Eliphaz in the night-visions; or as the Apostles, when they "thought that they had seen a spirit," and "knew not that it was Jesus." They were not ready to give up so much, to make so great a surrender of self, to forego so many things which He permits others to enjoy, which they take as a matter of course, almost of necessity. The change in life was too searching, and too deep. They felt in a perplexity. If they should draw back, they could never be happy again; and yet they feared His nearness. They could almost pray Him to depart from them, or to hide His awfulness. They find it easier to obey Him than to suffer; to do than to give up; to bear the cross than to hang upon it. They have found His service growing year by year more blessed, but more awful; dearer to them, but more searching; more full of heaven, but more exacting. Little did they know to what they pledged themselves, when in that first season of awe, they arose and followed His

voice. But now they cannot go back ; for they are too near to the unseen cross, and its virtues have pierced too deeply within them. Day by day they are giving up their old waking dreams ; things they have pictured out, and acted over, in their imaginations and their hopes ; one by one they let them go, with saddened but willing hearts. They feel as if they had fallen under some irresistible attraction, which is hurrying them into the world unseen ; and so in truth it is ; He is fulfilling to them His promise, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Their turn is come at last ; that is all. Before, they had only heard of the mystery ; now, they feel it. He has fastened on them His look of love, even as on Peter and on Mary ; and they cannot choose but follow, and in following Him altogether forget both themselves and all their visions of life. Little by little, from time to time, by fleeting gleams, the mystery of His spiritual cross shines out upon them. They behold Him high and lifted up, and the glory which rays forth from the wounds of His holy passion ; and as they gaze upon it, they adore, and are

changed into His likeness; and His mind shines out through them, for He dwells in them. They live alone with Him, in high and unspeakable fellowship; willing and glad to lack what others over-enjoy; to be unlike all, so that they are only like to Him. Such were the Apostles; such in all ages were they who now follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Had they chosen for themselves, or their friends for them, they would have chosen otherwise. They would have been brighter here, but less glorious in His kingdom; they would have had Lot's portion, not Abraham's; would have been full of happiness and of anxieties, of lower blessings and heavier burdens. If they had halted anywhere; if He had taken off His hand, and let them hang back as they often yearned to do, what would they not have lost; what forfeit in the morning of the resurrection! But He stayed them up, even against themselves. Many a time their "foot had well nigh slipped"; but He in His mercy held them up. And now, even in this life, they know that all He did was done well; that it was good for them to stand alone with Him upon the mountain and in the cloud; and that not their

own will, but His was done in them.—SERMON XIX., *The Hidden Power of Christ's Passion.*

He can look back perhaps and say, "I remember, that, for a long time, I had only the active and exciting parts of obedience; I had none of the passive features of faith, no meekness, nor patience under wrong or slights, nor willingness to be overlooked and forgotten, and to die to the world; until a great sorrow came, and changed the whole current of my will. There have been stages and resting places in my course; and I have moved at an uneven pace, sometimes slower, according, as I see now, to the trials which came upon me; and all the deeper and more decided changes of my character are dated from the heavier and sharper visitations of suffering. How little did I once know of what I see now with a clear insight! What I used hardly to reason out, is now an intuition. Had I been left to myself, I should have known none of these things. They would have continued to be as shadowy and unreal as they were in childhood, and all my character would have been straitened and

stunted. I have been almost passive, while He has been working out His will in me; He has chosen, and gone before me, and guided me by the rod of His chastisement. Little as I know even now, yet all I know I have been taught by trials; I have learnt obedience by the things which I have suffered.”—SERMON XX., *Suffering the School of Obedience.*

Let us remember that not martyrs only are perfected through sufferings. They, indeed, are made glorious by a share of His sufferings in the flesh; but of His sorrow and self-denial all saints are partakers. The world is still the same; bitter, treacherous, and full of enmity against God. The law, that every man that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution, is still unrepealed in this fallen earth. Every faithful man will have the grace-tokens of the cross upon his inmost soul. By temptation, by wrestling against evil, by crucifixion of self, by wrongs and snares from without, by sorrow and afflictions from above, every brother of the First-born in the family of man will bear His likeness, and be perfected by the keen edge of

pain. By this long-drawn and weary strife, our patience, meekness, faith, perseverance, boldness, and loyalty to Christ, are ever tried; and by trial made perfect.—SERMON XXIII., *The Waiting of the Invisible Church*.

[The following extract is included rather by way of contrast. In his case, these tender and pathetic forebodings of old age were not realised. His own old age was a “path of shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.” God’s grace was visibly triumphant over the decline of nature. Not that he was exempt from natural weakness and infirmities; on the contrary, great as was his age, he appeared far more aged than he was; and his extremely worn and feeble appearance was not only most touching, but exquisitely painful. It seemed often as if with the next sigh his spirit must take its flight. But of infirmity of will, of temper, or of intellect, never did there appear the smallest trace; on the contrary, each of these shone more and more glorious to the close.]

But there is a mystery of humiliation even greater than this, into which, also, the righteous

are permitted to enter. It is most certain that they partake, moreover, of what may be called the spiritual decay of old age. Sometimes, indeed, the righteous depart like Moses, the servant of the Lord, who "was a hundred and twenty years old when he died," and yet "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated"; but if we look at Jacob, and Eli, and David, and Solomon, and many more, and at many also of whom we read in the history of the Church, or whom we ourselves see around us, we shall discern that the decays of nature are felt also in the habits and powers of the spiritual life; and the moral failings which beset old age gather even about those in whom is the gift of righteousness. We see them, for instance, more or less under what may be called the power of dissolution. Even the best of men, when they grow old, become credulous and irresolute, and of a weak will, and feeble in self-control, and are quickly kindled, and haunted by false fears and fanciful suspicions, and break out into little eccentricities, and are sensitive if remarked upon, or resisted, or advised.

And these little mists rise up and draw a haze over the brightness of the spirit. Without doubt,

the righteous who have made provision by self-discipline and subjugation of temper, in the time of strength, have a great and visible advantage over all others; yet it is not to be denied that even they, when they come under decay, enter into the shadows of our human infirmity.—

SERMON XXVI., *The Glory of the Righteous.*



From VOLUME II.

The other class are perceptibly distinct, and their difference may be said to be in the depth and vividness of their charity and compassion. They inspire no fear, except that which attends on great purity of life; they attract and win to themselves the love of others, especially of the poor, the timid, the suffering, and even of children. There is about them something which is rather to be felt than defined. We feel ourselves to be in the presence of a superior, and yet of one who has nothing fearful or exciting, nothing that rudely repels or abashes us. We feel to be sensibly drawn to them, and to be thoroughly persuaded of their goodness and gentleness of heart. Though we know that our least faults will in their eyes seem greater than much graver faults in the eyes of others, yet we have less fear of making them known,

because we feel sure of their tenderness and kind interpretation. Such they are in their aspect towards us. What is their devotion as it is seen by God alone, we can only conjecture from the purity and intensity of all their spiritual life.

Now such characters as these certainly seem almost to differ in kind, rather than in degree from the others. They have another pattern of devotion before them, and are under another discipline. Their self-control is perceptibly of a finer sort; the subjugation of their passions is evidently on a more perfect rule; and their devotion has a vividness and depth which the others do not possess. Now this seems to be the cast of character which is seldom, if ever, formed without an habitual exercise of secret humiliation. All that we perceive of sympathy and gentleness is the result of contrition and self-chastisement before God. And this is wrought in them by a system of self-discipline, into which fasting seldom, if ever, fails to enter.—SERMON IV., *Fasting a Means to Christian Perfection.*

It is true indeed that the perfect holiness of saints has in it a tender compassion and a loving pity, like to the Spirit of Christ Himself. They have received of Him the gift of tenderness to sinners, without the fearful discipline of personal falls; and theirs is the highest and most healing sympathy.—SERMON VII., *Spiritual Presumption*.

Such has been the secret history of saints. Their great powers in the world were the reward of their perfect deadness to it. Because they refused its offers, therefore they became its rulers. Because they had no desire, nor love, nor appetite for it, therefore they were set to dispose of it. Because they shunned its titles and exaltations, therefore they were honoured and lifted up to the throne of power. They were true followers of Him who, when He perceived that the people “would come and take Him by force, to make Him a king, departed again into a mountain Himself alone.” They ran counter to it, and yet won its willing obedience; they were unpopular and unpalatable to the men of the world, and yet they were

followed and obeyed by them ; they deprived themselves of its powers and gifts, and did things the most inexpedient in the calculations of worldly schemers, and yet all things seemed spellbound to work with them and for them.

They have courted no one ; were solicitors for no favour, or gift, or privilege ; they have even crossed the wise and powerful, and resisted the hands which hold the powers of the world. Many of the greatest benefactors of mankind have died without having so much as to pay for their burial, and yet the hearts of men have obeyed them to the third and the fourth generation.—SERMON VIII., *Worldly Ambition*.

This shews us how all His saints have overcome, and sat down in His throne. They were armed at all points ; they counted no part of obedience or devotion small or of little import, knowing that the smallest imperfection will mar a whole defence ; and that the whole armour is no stronger than its weakest part, that one breach will unlock a whole position. Therefore, if we enter upon a devout life, we

must not do it by halves, but with decision. There must be no reserves, but a full surrender of ourselves, to be wholly sanctified "in spirit, and soul, and body." Such was the life of Abraham and Joseph, Moses and Daniel, apostles and saints, and of all whose warfare is ended, who have put off the armour of the cross, and put on the white raiment, where rest has no more dangers.—SERMON IX., *The Right Use of Rest after Trial.*

We find, even among men, that sympathy is more or less perfect, as the holiness of the person is more or less so. . . . And why, but because it is peculiarly the property of true sanctity to be charitable? And in the grace of charity is contained gentleness, compassion, tenderness of hand in touching the wounds of other men, fair interpretations, large allowances, ready forgiveness. These things ripen as personal holiness grows more mature. We may almost measure our advance in the life of God by the tenderness of our feeling towards sinners. The living compassion, active emotion of pity, the tears and tenderness with which

the holiest men have ever dealt with the sinful, is a proof, that in proportion as sin loses its power over them, their sympathy with those that are afflicted by its oppressive yoke becomes more perfect. It may be said, indeed, that they know by present experience what is the distress and shame of sin; that they really have in them the original taint; and that it is by virtue of this that they are able so intimately to sympathise with the trials of others who are repenting. Nevertheless, it is most certain that this sympathy becomes more perfect in proportion as their repentance is perfect, and their warfare turned into the peace of established sanctity; that is, in proportion as they cease to be like those they sympathise with in the very point of sinfulness.—SERMON X., *The Sympathy of Christ*.

They have the truest sympathy who are the most perfectly dead to themselves. Therefore, of all the members of Christ's mystical Body, they must mutually sympathise most perfectly who are most free from the taints of evil. To have sinned ourselves is not necessary to

perfect our sympathy with sinners. God forbid the evil thought! Rather, it is the property of spotless sanctity to flow forth with the fullest stream of compassion. Community in sin is not the source of sympathy, but participation in holiness.—SERMON X., *The Sympathy of Christ.*

And all through the life of the truest saint, even while the love of God is shed abroad in his heart, and the stillness of eternal peace reigns in it, there is in proportion to the growth of sanctity, a growth also in his sorrow for sins long ago repented. His past falls come to be more intensely seen and abhorred. It is as he recedes from his former self, and passes out of the sphere of his past temptations, that he feels all their horror and deadliness. And this explains what we see in the lives of the holiest men—that as they have visibly advanced in holiness, they have multiplied their acts of humiliation and their discipline of repentance; and that instead of being thereby drawn from compassion to those who are still in their sins, they are of all men

the most tender, pitiful, forbearing and compassionate. None live for the conversion of souls so devotedly; none have so ready a sorrow for the sins of others; none deal with them so lovingly, bind up their wounds so softly, console them, even against their own will, so persuasively. And why? Not because of their past sin, but because of their present holiness; not for what they have been, but for what they are; not because they have been sinners, but because they are saints. What they have learned of sin by past consent and defilement is a hindrance, not a help, to their true sympathy. They attain to this high grace of the mystical body of Christ, just as the pass out of themselves into Him.—SERMON X., *The Sympathy of Christ*.

When shall we bear in mind this plain truth, that the future perfection of the saints is not a translation from one state or disposition of soul into another, diverse from the former; but the carrying out, and as it were the blossom and the fruitage of one and the same principal of spiritual life, which, through their whole career on earth, has been growing with

an even strength, putting itself forth in the beginnings and promise of perfection, reaching upward with steadfast aspirations after perfect holiness?—SERMON XIV., *On Mixing in the World, and its Safeguards.*

But the man that covets nothing, seeks nothing, looks for nothing, nay, that would refuse and reject the solicitations of the world, unless they bore on them some expressive marks of his Master's hand, is above all worldly power. He is truly independent; out of the reach of hope and fear; self-resolved, and next under God, lord of his own spirit.—SERMON XV., *Poverty a Holy State.*

This may show us that the most laborious may be the holiest of saints. Indeed, the greatest saints are those who have been most like to their Lord in perpetual labours; as, for instance, the prophets and apostles, the first converters of nations, pastors in all ages, faithful servants of God in all states and conditions of life. — SERMON XVI., *Devotion Possible in the Busiest Life.*

The age of prophets, apostles, martyrs, is past; and for the saints, they seem few and hidden. The Church is bruised by schisms; her strength bowed down from its ancient stateliness, to droop along upon the earth; her lights are scattered and dim; here and there they shine out feebly and alone, as if to say that the flax is not wholly quenched. Where is now the strength and fervour of other days? Where are the penitent, and the mourners, and the prostrate? Where are the companies of those who chastened themselves with fasting, and were strong in spirit, following in the path of the cross? Where are they that forsook home, and all that they had, to live as strangers, for the love of the heavenly country? Where are now the pure, and the meek, the holy and humble men of heart, the devoted, and the gifted? Surely the days are already come, when, because iniquity abounds, the love of many hath waxed cold; and truth is perishing, in preparation for that day of which the Lord asked, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"—SERMON XX., *The Gentleness of Christ*.



From VOLUME III.

It is through this deep consciousness of what their spiritual birth had made them, that saintly men in all ages have been strengthened to break through the manifold bondage of sin and the world of this fallen life, and harder still, of their own self-indulgent hearts. It is by this that they have conceived and accomplished all great works of mercy, all great sacrifices of self. They cleared away the space around their lot in the world, and laid down the lines and principles of their life upon the scale of that "liberty with which Christ has made us free." Without either affected singularity or needless contradiction to other people—tokens always of a weak and little mind—there has ever been a clear and distinguishable character about every such man; a character

altogether his own, standing out plain, harmonious, and intelligible. This is the true development of our new birth; the true secret of all strength and force in the individual will; the several and distinct personality of the members of the mystical body of Christ. Such a man is His freeman. The world has no jurisdiction over him; public opinion, the maxims and example of others, the traditions of centuries and of nations, have no hold upon him; he pays them no allegiance. The baits and lures of ambition, wealth, pleasure, flattery, popularity, have no seduction for his will. It stands alone in the centre of his own soul, stayed only upon God. No external forces seem to tell upon him. Personal infirmities disappear from the outline of his character, personal temptations cleave asunder and are passed through without perceptible exertion; they seem rather to melt away before him. Great sacrifices are the unstrained acts of his daily life. There is a perfect sameness about him at all time; all his ways of judging seem fixed and invariable; his very sympathies appear to be under laws that never change; they may

be always foretold and acted on; his perceptions of right and wrong grow to be intuitive, and his words, from the sameness of his inward character, seem to follow by a certain order, and to recur by certain just and accurate combinations. Everything appears to be already weighed, and at once to find its place under some deliberate judgment. Such men are not more perfect in strength than in gentleness; in their exalted sanctity than in their entire self-abasement. They are servants of Him who was at once the Lord of all power and might, and also meek and lowly of heart.

What, after all, is this but the power of a will that is truly free, enfranchised by the glorious liberty of God's kingdom?—SERMON VII., *The Freedom of the Regenerate Will*.

And besides these, who are blessed above all, there are others also who are specially strengthened to comprehend with all saints the surpassing love of the Cross; such are all who habitually and devoutly communicate in the Sacrament of His passion. Nothing so visibly reveals the Cross to us; nothing so renews before our eyes the language

of divine acts and sufferings, by which He has revealed His love. It represents to us the mystery of His humiliation, His incarnation, His self-oblation, His crucifixion, the rending of His body, the shedding of His blood, the whole mystery of His passion. These are set before our very sight. He is lifted up visibly before us. And what is so represented to us from without by symbols, is applied to us within by His intimate presence. He makes every devout soul to partake of Himself, to share that love which nailed Him upon the Cross; to share even the Cross, by sharing His love. He makes over to us His atonement and His priceless blood, the infinite merits of His incarnation; and with them His Spirit and His charity. But of these things it is hard to speak in words. They are of that secret which passeth knowledge; which can be comprehended only in the spiritual light by which He reveals Himself at the altar, high and lifted up upon the Cross, radiant with love; then higher still in the throne of God, angels ascending and descending in the ministries of His compassion; and highest of all, in the midst of His heavenly

court, ranged around Him in the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, of the eternal glory. These things are only for the inward utterance, which is spiritual and silent; heard always in the still tones of a voice divine, by those who are meet for the heavenly feast. The more meet, the more clear their spiritual sense; and the oftener they feed with devotion on the living bread, the meeter they become. This is the point or centre of light in which obedience, purity of heart, prayer, contemplation, faith, all conspire in one; and here He vouchsafes to come down, as it were, to meet the aspirations of His own Spirit in us, and to reveal the eternal love which is Himself.—SERMON XII., *The Cross the Measure of Love*.

Though He be pleased to take from you, one by one, as from His servant Job, all things you cleave to; yet as all other things are withdrawn, He will compass you about with a more sensible presence of His love. So shall it be with those that pray without fainting. By habitual converse with God, they are

drawn within the veil through which His providence controls our mortal life. They rise above it, and their "life is hid with Christ in God." Their "conversation is in heaven." To those who are His, all things are not only easy to be borne, but even to be gladly chosen. All events and changes are the will of God in Christ Jesus. They are also the will of those who have fellowship with Christ, and through Him with God the Father. Their will is united to that will which moves heaven and earth, which gives laws to angels, and rules the courses of the world. It is a wonderful gift of God to man, of which we that know so little must needs speak little. To be at the centre of that motion, where is everlasting rest; to be sheltered in the peace of God; even now to dwell in heaven, where all hearts are stayed, and all hopes fulfilled. "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."—SERMON XIII., *A Life of Prayer, a Life of Peace.*

Happy and holy are they who can say,
"Lord, I am in Thy sight but sin and death.

But if, through weakness, I offend, it is a wound which straightway makes my heart to bleed. Thy will is my will; in holy obedience or in holy patience, in life or in death, Thy will be done in me. Thou, in Thy mercy, hast gathered in my heart and my love from this life and from this world, and hast hid them in Thy kingdom. Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee. All the thoughts, desires, affections, powers of my soul are set upon Thee, and upon the bliss and fellowship of Thy saints. This is my pilgrimage; that, through the Blood of Thy Son, shall be my rest for ever.”—SERMON XVII., *Preparation for Death, a State of Life.*

Blessed are they who have a fervent will, set on fire by God; to whom this world, and all things in it, are cheap and pale; and their only ardent desire is for the eternal years. For them all things are more real as life draws on. What is passing away is but shadow and decay; their treasures and joys

are yet to come. The things they love most, and live in with greatest delight, are but foretastes and reflections; though most real, still but shadows of good things yet to come. Even the sanctuary and the altar, and the mysteries upon the altar, are but the beginning of joy. God's love, God's will, God's holiness; the glory, the rest, the beauty of His presence; the illumination of the soul, its purity, its peace; what are all these but anticipations of the perfect bliss of heaven? If the beginnings are beatific, what shall the fulness be? If they are blissful in faith, what shall they be in vision? O happy life, in unity and continuity with the perfect joy! O that we may live in it altogether! Let us come down upon the water, for it will bear us up; let us not fear to walk where He walked; above all, when we walk with Him.—SERMON XVII., *Preparation for Death, a State of Life.*

It will be good for us to set apart some day, as the day of the departure of a sainted friend, or the day of our own birth by nature

or by baptism, and to spend it as if it were our last, praying God to forgive our stains of soul and body, the sins of all our thoughts and of all our senses. And also to approach the Holy Sacrament at some certain season, as if we were receiving it upon our bed of death. This will make death a benign and familiar thought. And it may be that God, in His tender mercy, will accept these our timely preparations as if they were our last; and draw over our whole life the spirit of a holy fear, and of a continual readiness to die. Alas! it is no good sign that Christians should so fear to see His face. If heaven be the presence of our Lord, and if death be the passage to His throne, our fears betray how little we know of heavenly blessedness, and how little capacity we have for the fruition of its peace. Let us, then, try, day by day, so to live, that if we were to die, we should but pass out of the conflict and clouds of this earthly trial, into the fulfilment of our most kindled and ardent longings. And further, let us each one seek, not by high imaginations or by excited emotions, but by

deepening in ourselves, and praying God to increase in us ever more and more, both zeal and sorrow, the grace to live the life and to die the death of a perfect and fervent penitent.

—SERMON XVII., *Preparation for Death, a State of Life.*



From VOLUME IV.

There is a courtesy and a mutual observance which is the peculiar dignity and sweetness of a Christian; and the source of it is that he sees the presence of his Lord in others, and reveres Him in himself.—SERMON XI., *The Body of Christ*.

Their society raises us above ourselves, awakens better desires, higher aspirations, worthier motives; their tone of voice, their look, their bearing, allure and win us from ourselves. So long as we are with them we seem better men, nearer to God's Kingdom, freer from temptation, stronger to control ourselves. And this may in some faint way express the power of Christ's presence upon our hearts. So long as we hold by Him, and He by us, our inward sinfulness dies down and disappears.

Earthly desires, inclinations, and thoughts seem cast out as a possession. So long as the eye of our consciousness is fixed upon Him, His light pours in upon us. The whole of our mind seems to be cleared of every shadow, and to be filled with the brightness of His presence, with light, love, and a holy will. We feel that if He were ever with us, if we could be ever with Him, ever touching Him, we should draw into our souls perpetual virtues of sanctity and strength. It seems to us as if we could never sin again, never see sin in any other light than the light of His presence, never again care for the world, or hanker after life, or faint in loving Him. It seems at the time as if we were in very deed "bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh," spirit of His spirit, mind of His mind, heart of His heart, will of His will; as if He held us in our whole nature to Himself, uniting us to His divine person, "that our sinful bodies may be made clean by His body, and our souls washed through His most precious blood," that, by an ineffable union and intermingling of His very self with ours, "we dwell in Him, and He in us."—SERMON XV., *Worthy Communion*.



SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD.

There is a blessed simplicity in charity, which covereth all things, and hopeth all things. Its very blindness to a brother's faults gives to its touch so delicate a keenness, as to detect the faintest traces of excuse, and the lightest shadow of a good intention. It has a happy credulity in believing men better than they are, and by believing to make them so. It has a manifold cunning in combining favourable improbabilities, and devising for erring brethren fairer interpretations than they could imagine for themselves.—SERMON II., *The Probation of the Church*.

It may be said almost in one word, that the crisis and turning point of our probation

lies in deliberately choosing, and following out, some one aim, as the end to which God has called us. About men who have so chosen their path, there is a unity of purpose, a singleness of heart, a concentration of all moral and intellectual powers, an intensity of decision, an energy in counsel and action, a superiority both to opposition and to allurements, which at once bespeaks a strength greater than their own. Sometimes, in some measure, this may be traced to the native powers of the character; but almost always it will be found to result from the steadiness, and determination, and consequent enlargement of the natural powers, resulting from the fixedness and distinctness of their aim and purpose.—SERMON III., *The Work appointed us.*

None in the history of the Church have ever exhibited such laborious fidelity in all discipline of the heart and reason, as those who have received and again reflected the greatest supernatural lights. In those who have attained to this spiritual knowledge, there is a perception of first truths, of universal principles, axioms of

the life that is in us, discernment of moral qualities, of fine distinctions, intuitions into character, anticipations of events yet to come, with a clearness, a depth of insight, a light and illumination of the conscience, reason and soul, which none have ever attained but the pure in heart. And what is all this but an endowment nearly related to the perception of the Divine Presence in themselves.—SERMON VI., *The Beatific Vision*.

The science of the saints begins in the spiritual powers, and is learned of God. It is a science "which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory," which the world, since His passion, never has known nor ever will know; for it is the gift of that Divine Presence "which the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him." This spiritual knowledge, then, is the avenue to the vision of God, or rather the first radiance of it, meeting us in our approaches to Him—the first light of His countenance upon the inward sight of His saints.

* And it is impossible to limit the intuitions of those who so behold Him. They have an insight into the foundations of truth which definitions cannot express ; ideas of the spirit broader than the articulations of speech. And yet none have so inflexibly witnessed and suffered for the doctrines of faith, and for the traditions of the Church, as they whose illumination seemed to overflow the boundaries of doctrinal forms, and the limitations of creeds and dogmas. What does the light talking of superficial men against the dogmatic teaching of the Church prove, but the absence of that higher and larger light in which the nature of language, and its relation to the perfection of truth, and the imperfections of the human mind, are perceived and measured ?—SERMON VI., *The Beatific Vision*.

Another principle we may learn from what has been said is, that the way to all knowledge or vision of truth is by seeking first the purities of God's presence. All processes of the intellect, all the laws of dialectics and of philosophy, are subject to that first philosophy

which is the science of God. This is the foundation of the schools which the Church has reared. The Faith is their charter and their very life; and the Faith is the virtue of purification. In nothing does the Church more directly front and contradict the wisdom of the world, than in the whole principle and order of her divine and true philosophy. In the eyes of the world, to seek knowledge by humiliations, fastings, alms-deeds, charity, daily prayers, devout communion, is a folly and a provocation. They see no relation between such premises and the conclusions of truth. It is a logic the conditions of which they have not hearts to understand. And yet there is no fact in science proved by observation and experiment so ample and precise as this, that the greatest teachers of mankind have learned more truth upon their bended knees, and at the foot of the altar, than in the books and schools of science; that the gifts of piercing intellectual force, of irresistible subtlety, elevated contemplation, discernment beyond the keenness of common understanding, direct insight, analytical penetration, energy, comprehension, unity of powers, have been the

peculiar and characteristic marks of those who sought all truth in sanctity, and beheld all things in the light of God. And those most full of light have been also the chastest, meekest, lowliest of men. This is the witness of the whole Church of God, not in Apostles and seers, bishops and pastors only, but in all the regenerate servants of Christ.—SERMON VI., *The Beatific Vision.*



SUPPLEMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

IN order to complete this little volume it seems to me advisable to add a few supplementary extracts, relating to the last days of Cardinal Manning. The object of them will be to illustrate the singular correspondence between the solitary ideal of 1840 and the realised life of 1892. Amid the mass of tributes to his saintly character, called forth by the death of Cardinal Manning, it is difficult to make a selection without exceeding due limit, so great is their number and variety. I will, therefore, confine myself to quoting four different examples. The first will be the prayer to the Holy Ghost composed by him and used by him daily, thus illustrating his own interior life. It is given as

follows by his Confessor, the Very Rev. Dr. Butler. To quote the words of the latter: "It would have been unseemly to lift the veil and gaze upon his secret daily colloquy with God; but he frankly has used for others the very prayer with which he was every day cleansing his own soul before his God. I will venture to quote it every word. It is his soul; it is our inheritance. He once told me that for, I think, thirty years he had never missed one day to appeal thus to the Holy Spirit of God."

The next example I shall quote will be a sketch contributed by a Catholic priest who lived with him in close and familiar intimacy.

The third is written by a Protestant Nonconformist minister, who was associated with him in the noble work of the Protection of Children; and who records the impression left upon him by their intercourse.

The fourth is from the letter of a Stevedore in the London Docks, who was a Freethinker, and who only saw him once in his life.

These memorials, written by different hands, bear an almost startling relation to the pathetic and wistful words uttered fifty years ago in the

past; only they depict a still more complete and exalted character.

Especially is the article by Mr. Benjamin Waugh remarkable, as being almost absolutely identical in language with some of the earlier extracts here given; except that it is tinged with a more intense and glowing emotion, as of one who had not merely imagined and desired, but who had seen, and known, and loved. But it is most improbable that Mr. Waugh ever saw these Sermons, much less thought of them at that time.

These few collected writings tell their own tale—one stone to his monument on earth.

THE EDITOR.



No. I.—*Daily Prayer of Cardinal Manning.*

O God the Holy Ghost, Whom I have slighted, grieved, resisted from my childhood unto this day; reveal unto me Thy personality, Thy presence, Thy power. Make me to know Thy seven-fold gifts—the spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and fortitude, of knowledge and piety, and of the fear of the Lord. O Thou Who art the Spirit of the Father and the Son, O Thou Who art the love of the Father and the Son, O Thou Who baptisest with fire and sheddest abroad the love of God in our hearts, shed abroad Thy love in my heart. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; not wealth, rank, power, worldly home, worldly happiness, or any worldly good; but one drop of that holy flame, one drop of that holy fire, to kindle me and set me all on fire with the love

of my God. Let that holy flame burn up and consume in me every spot and soil of the flesh and the spirit. Purify me seven-fold with Thy gifts; receive me as a holy sacrifice wholly acceptable unto Thee; kindle me with zeal, melt me with sorrow, that I may live the life and die the death of a fervent penitent.



No. II.—“*The Cardinal's Inner Life.*” By the Rev.
Kenelm Vaughan, from “*The Catholic Times*,”
January 22nd, 1892.

In asking me to send you a sketch of the inner life of our much-loved and lamented Cardinal, you ask of me an impossible task. For no one can penetrate into, judge, or give an adequate idea of the spiritual life of the Cardinal, or of any man. For the inner life of man lies between the soul and God alone. Hence St. Paul says, “He that judgeth me is the Lord. Therefore judge not before the time until the Lord come, Who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts. And then shall every man have praise from God.” I disclaim, therefore, any attempt to set forth his spiritual biography. The most I can venture to do in my present state of

health is to give you off-hand some impressions that my mind has received from daily intercourse with him during the last few years that it has been my privileged lot to act as his private secretary and chaplain. It is universally recognised that the Cardinal was a man endowed with eminent gifts of nature and of grace, which raised him far above his fellow mortals both in the natural and supernatural order. But passing over in silence his remarkable gifts in the natural order, I will confine myself merely to giving my impressions of him as a man of God.

What always impressed me above everything in him was his wonderful realisation of that mystery which constitutes the essence of Christianity and the principle of all religion, the indwelling Presence of Christ in the soul by Holy Baptism. The spiritual Presence of our Lord in his soul was to him a great living reality, his ruling principle, and the key to his inner life. With him Christ was all and in all, the term to which he aimed, the motive for which he laboured, the crown for which he fought, and the source from whence he derived spiritual illumination and elevation of mind, strength of will,

power for good, joy and peace of heart, and comfort in trial and sorrow. In a word, he seemed to me always to speak and act and to live his life on earth "as seeing Him who is invisible." The following passage from an unpublished letter of his bears this out. Writing to one of his penitents, he said: "I believe the more we unite our hearts and will with our Divine Lord in recollection and prayer the easier our way becomes, and the clearer from doubt and difficulty. I remember having a great lesson once when in a time of great trial. I set off to go to a friend whose conversation would have consoled me. As I went I said to myself, Why are you going so far for what you might find in your room, and why go for it to an earthly friend when you may have it straight from the Sacred Heart? I turned back home again and never was so comforted. And ever since I have found that the less I have asked from creatures the more I have received from our Lord."

Again, the love of the Sacred Heart, of the Holy Ghost, and of the Holy Scriptures were the three dominant loves of his heart. (1) Writing to one of his penitents, he said: "Borrow if you

can the life of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque. You will there see the devotion of the Sacred Heart in its fulness. It was the first idea that opened to me the moral meaning and depth of the Incarnation, and gave me a new insight into communion in the Blessed Sacrament, and explained to me visits to the altar." His union with our Lord was so close and intimate that he never felt alone, but always at our Lord's side. This may be seen from a letter which he wrote to a soul in desolation, in which occur these words: "It was a long and lonely time for you, and one gets weary of one's own company, and yet we are never alone; and we have always the True and Divine Friend near, and it is in loneliness that we know His nearness best."

(2) Again, he was characterised by a singular devotion to the Holy Spirit, which he strove to spread far and wide. He studied always to repress emotions of his sensitive and inferior nature, which he regarded as an obstacle to His Divine operations. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the seven-fold gifts of the Holy Spirit, Who seemed to reign in him supreme, so that the gifts of Divine grace given him for the

edification of the Church and the salvation of souls were merely the fulness and crown of the grace which made his own soul pleasing to God. This reign of the Spirit of our Lord within was the secret of his charity, his peace and self-command—virtues which he ever strove to inculcate on his spiritual children. To one of them he wrote: “My desire is to see a calm, inward, unobserved, even and exact fulfilment of the duties of our state and of the devotions we owe to our dear Lord. I am never at ease about a religion which is audible, outward, and uneven. It seems to me to be the fruit of working, not of grace, but of nature, and to have little solidity. May the Holy Spirit to Whom I desire you to offer your heart, mind, and will, with special devotion, illuminate, sanctify, and confirm you into the day of Jesus Christ.” (3) Again, he possessed a profound knowledge and love and appreciation of the beauties of Holy Scripture. This Sacred Book was his daily companion and his constant friend. It was the first book he opened in the morning and the last he closed at night. From this unfathomable well of living waters he drew those Divine teachings, high

aims, and motives to action, which raised him so far above our level. His favourite books of Holy Scripture were, in the Old Testament, *Wisdom*; among the Gospels that of *St. John*, which he published separately and loved to distribute; and of the Pauline Epistles, that to the *Ephesians*, on which he principally based all he wrote upon the Divine creation of the Holy Church.

No one realised more keenly "the powers of the world to come." Indeed, between him and the world unseen, there seemed to be but a translucent veil. No one more frequently pressed on his penitents that they had to "walk before God to be perfect." Nothing grieved him so much as to see men setting before themselves a low standard of Christian life, and walking, not by faith, but by sight. In a letter to one of his spiritual children, he thus expressed himself: "It seems to me we do not live enough by faith; that we will not wait upon God and let Him work in us and for us. We let in so much human activity upon our spiritual life that we have no room for the divine operations of the Holy Spirit. The highest state of life is "to be dead, and to have our life hid with Christ in God."

His lively faith in our Lord and His Truth was the measure of his ardent love of Him, which manifested itself in his every act and word. Writing to one of his penitents, he said: "What you need is to rise up into the light and warmth of the love of God to you personally. To feel this brings summer into the soul. Not to feel it brings winter. To feel it slightly is the cause of many things—fear, scruple, sadness, want of generosity both to God and to others. The fruit of the Spirit is charity, joy, peace. And these grow fast in the light and warmth of the love of God." So intense was his love of God that I have seen him sob bitterly on hearing that the Divine Majesty had been outraged by some act of sin.

It is not surprising that the love of his neighbour flowed abundantly from his love of God, as a stream wells up from its fountain-head. His life's energy and talents were wholly devoted to promoting in season and out of season the interests of our Blessed Lord, the spread of the Kingdom of His Church, the defending the prerogatives of His Vicar, for whom he had an unbounded attachment and reverence, and the salvation and sanctification of souls. Well might these words of St.

Elias be applied to him : “ With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts.” He lived not for himself, but for souls, and wore out his strength in labouring for their good, fulfilling to the letter the command of his Divine Master, “ *Pasce oves meas.*” Indeed, the doorsteps of his house were worn with the footsteps of the fatherless, the widow, the poor, the forlorn, the tempted, and the disgraced, who came to him for comfort in their hour of trouble and sorrow. No one ever went to him in distress who did not go away consoled and soothed by the few and burning words which fell from his fatherly lips. The fire sends forth heat and light imperceptibly and without noise, so the fire of the Holy Spirit, which never went out in his soul, warmed, cheered, and inspired all those who sought him in their spiritual need. In him were realised in a marked manner these words which occur in the 58th chapter of Isaiah the Prophet : “ When thou shalt pour out thy soul to the hungry, and shalt satisfy the afflicted soul, then shalt thy light rise up in darkness, and thy darkness shall be as the noonday, and the Lord will give thee rest continually, and will fill thy soul with brightness, and

deliver thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a fountain of water whose waters shall not fail."

It may seem strange that I have not dwelt upon what most impressed the casual observer—his asceticism. This was indeed far-reaching, and more profound than the world knew; probably no one in his position could have led a more severe or penitential life. This prince of the Church and accomplished man of the world had none but the plainest food: his drink was water, his clothing was worn to shreds; his room was a cell. His thin, emaciated frame bore the visible marks of the mortification of Christ, and the life of Christ was made manifest in his mortal body. He loved, too, evangelical poverty, and practised it both in the spirit and in the letter, thus imitating the Seraphic Francis, for whom he bore so great a love and devotion, and of whose Order he was a tertiary. But to those who knew him as myself, all these externals fell into a secondary place, and were merely the inevitable expression of his conformity to the life of our Blessed Lord.

His ardent love for our Lord, and his perfect detachment from earthly things, led him frequently

to converse on Heaven, and to sigh to be freed from the prison of the body that he might enjoy there the vision of his Divine Lord and Master. As a man who is bound for home yearns for the end of his journey, so did he yearn after Eternal Life, Eternal Peace in the world to come. This longing of his soul after our Eternal Home comes out frequently in his letters. In one of them he said: "I am sure if we love God more and creatures less we should be always longing to go to our Eternal Home, and the greatest grace would be to find ourselves in the hands of our Lord when He begins to finish His work in us. If I could be sure of Eternal Life I should be happy all my days, many or few." In another he said: "Till we get to God and His only rest we shall find no rest. And if we could it would not last, but that rest will be Eternal." Only the other day, feeling no doubt that his end was near, he wrote: "It is pleasant to look back at quiet days, and to look on to an Eternal Rest."

In bringing to a close this meagre and desultory account of my impressions of the Cardinal's inner life, let me quote some other words of his, which, though written to one of his

spiritual children, seem to be addressed by him to us all who are now grieving over his loss. They may help to dry up our tears. The words are these: "I think we can hardly wish anything better for those we love than to be at rest in the World of Light: or anything we need more for ourselves. Look up into it with great confidence in the love of our Divine Master."



No. III.—*Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning*, by
Benjamin Waugh. From the "*Contemporary*
Review," February, 1892.

Seven and a half years ago—through a work in which we were both specially interested, the Protection of Children—I first came to know the great man who has just left a Church without its brightest ornament, and a Country without one of its noblest sons, and whose life has been to me ever since that day like some beautiful sacred song. I had been warned against him by a valued friend as "the prince of proselytisers," and had a strong constitutional and principled dislike to his Church, and, at least, very negative feelings towards ecclesiastics in general; and now I met the man. "Well," said he, almost swinging his hand into the grasp of mine, "you are going to

work for suffering children? God bless and help you!" His principedom in his church, his long black crimson-edged cassock, his crimson tiara, his cross of gold, his intellect and learning, his history, were all lost in a sweetness and sanctity which I had never met before save in humanity's holiest, most perfect childhood. His sacred seriousness, his spontaneous delight, his absorption in what I had to say, his intense righteousness, the evident aims with which he lived, the human warmth and colour which illuminated every feature of his wonderful face, possessed me with liberty and joy in his presence. I had but one thought in coming away from him—the splendour of a true man. He was the man who is man's instinctive choice. Often have I seen him since that day, but neither then nor at any subsequent visit to him did I ever for one moment feel that I was in the presence of a great ecclesiastic, much less of a little one. There were such persons hung in painting upon his walls. The intense simplicity of his nature, together with the extraordinary vastness of the sphere of its sympathies, pities, and solitudes, constituted that same kind of dignity, that pure majesty, which compelled

the child of Heth—"even the children of Heth"—to answer Abraham, saying, "Hear us, my lord; thou art a mighty prince among us."

He was a king. His robes and jewels, and shields and heraldry, and tower of strength were that his great mind and heart went out to his race. He was at the summit of all the humanity you had known. Your reverence for him sprang from the glimmer of himself in you. There was a deep, tender fear in it which was akin to worship, and which tended to make men of no religion, and men of every variety of religion, kneel for his blessing as Jacob's sons knelt for Jacob's.

To this personality was added the subtle suggestion of his coming to you from a still larger world than the vast world of men. In all his bearing was the saying, "I am a stranger and sojourner with you." He was a son of the living God and Father of all. Men, rude and refined, of his Church, of no Church, and of all Churches, while revering and loving him for himself, had their unbelief put a little to shame, or their faith gladdened, by the subtle, luminous power in which his strong, clear faith and joy in his God and theirs, bathed him, and, for the moment, them. They

had seen none such wonderful manhood. The sense of eternal things which filled his presence, men, to their surprise, felt in a degree haunting themselves. They had glimmers of a nimbus around his venerable head, which made them, perhaps, dimly understand why painters had gilded aureoles around the heads of those saints which hung upon his walls.

Yet not the humblest docker, not the youngest child, not the hardest unbeliever, found in him any "greatness," as earth's great personages are great. He had the gentleness, the deference of a father pitying his children. He was aware not in the least that he was a Cardinal Archbishop : to be of service to you seemed the special object of his life. It was thus that "My son," as he used to address an earnest man, seemed so well to become his lips. Yet was his pleasure in his service so child-like, that his heart seemed to bound and sing with the enjoyment of the thought that he could be anything of a helper to the helpless among men.

From first to last my acquaintance with him was almost wholly in his relation to suffering

children. I am fain to think that, as their friend, he loved me.

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What this great man did for suffering children he could not help doing. The sinister motives which have been attributed to him by persons who did not know him, are to me—who have had the privilege of his intimacy for seven and a half years—unjust and impossible. His zealous Roman Catholicism was but the image and superscription of that pure golden humanity to which each needless tear of a child was a blood-drop. With the ecclesiastical kingdom to which he gave his allegiance I have no concern here. Before all things he was a grandly human being. To him the cause and service of the little and weak was what to too many ecclesiastics is the cause and service of the great and strong. Whatever was his own desire in the matter, the power of his life served, not Romanism, but religion. It was in spite of his alien Church—alien in name and in habit of thought to English life—that he won Englishmen's love. They travelled after him, led by his personality, not his creed. The English are first political, then religious,

and all their political traditions, as well as all the institutions their politics have created, place a bar against Romanism, which no personality, however great, can remove.

His influence was like that gracious influence of a noble woman which all men feel without becoming women, or even adopting their costume. It was created, and it was limited by what in him was common to our best humanity, and which every human being by virtue of humanity must feel. The Church to which he belonged gave him titles; but these, though extending the range and opportunities of the fascination of his influence, did not constitute the source of it. Neither the mitre nor the crown, but the common heart of mankind transfigured, marks the true master of men. The Pope may create twenty Cardinals; he cannot create one Manning, for grand titles do not make grand men. A bishop's throne may have a bishop's empire, but a bishop's Manhood alone can have empire over men.

So utterly simple was he, and so open, that what some would call the trifles of his personal life would come up in his conversation, which all unconsciously betrayed how full of happy and

prosperous virtue he was I saw in that moment how intense upon him was the power of the life of our Lord.

Never was a man less of a bigot. He had a heart for all reality. We differed *toto cælo* in our ideas of the Church. As the name is generally understood, I had no Church. The source of my religion began and ended with the Nazarene. I had no Church history, no Church creeds, save the history once enacted in Galilee and Judea, and the creed of the Gospels. The four lives of the Nazarene by four of his friends were my library of faith. My Pope, my Cardinals, were, therefore, Christ and his Twelve. My apostolical succession was to such men as had by direct contact with our Lord caught some of His holy fire. On one occasion when I had respectfully put my position to him, he said : " Well, you are making me your confessor, and I give you absolution, for you need it ; you are not following Christ as much as you think you are. Follow Him enough, and you will find that out."

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And it was humanity that wept at the tomb of the Cardinal. Our common race was bereaved.

The mystic power of man "renewed after the image of Christ" is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Remembering the great woe of this great city and of the whole land at his grave, it is well to reflect that though place and power play their part in this complex life of ours, empire belongs only to Christ and to the Christ-like soul, be its circle great or small. . . . The power of a Christian is that his nature is impregnated with the race-loving spirit of Christ. The soul may be as unconscious of its properties as the sea is of its properties, but it has them all the same, and by whatsoever Church-name that soul is known: Roman, Greek, or Anglican, whether of high or of low estate, the Christliness of its disposition and behaviour will be the measure in which men will find in it "saving health."



No. IV.—*The Cardinal and the Stevedore, from the "Weekly Register," February 27th, 1892.*

I went to see Cardinal Manning at eight o'clock, and I must say there seems to be a kind of magnetic attraction attached to His Eminence, for I could have sat with him all night talking; I believe he would convert a whole nation if he could get at them personally. I do not think there is another man on earth who impersonates Christ as much as His Eminence.

One hour and a quarter we were in conversation. I often in my own mind see myself sitting there, and as we both sat by the fire, I often now think it very curious the Cardinal was voluntarily putting into practice what St. Peter himself objected to, and called for the rebuke of Our Saviour. "What God calls clean, call

not thou unclean." I have done my best to write what took place as correctly as my memory will permit, without adding one jot of fiction as a polish, for the actions of His Eminence want no hypocritical veneering to give them lustre, for they shine brighter than burnished gold; and though to us his body is dead, yet will his great magnanimous spirit be ever with us, for in the hearts of the poor of London he yet liveth and will be ever remembered as the best friend the poor of this generation have had, and no man will be missed, whatever his position or condition may be, like His Eminence Cardinal Manning.

His manner towards myself was so lowly that had I forgot myself in his presence I could not have been blamed; but I did not. His manner was—he that would be greatest hereafter must be the least among men—not the manner of a titled dignitary who, from his own righteous importance, considered he was acting with great condescension to allow such a common mortal as myself to approach him. To me he seemed like a man trying to execute Christ's commands by acting up to them; not preaching them

only after the pulpit style of "Do as I tell you, not as I do." Up to the time of that interview I was almost a confirmed atheist, but since that interview the impression left upon me is to think very seriously, and I have been thinking ever since, and I have tried to be a better man, and I have tried to do nothing that he would not approve of; and often when I have been irritated by some insult, and about to reply with insult, the remembrance of him has checked me, and I think it was almost impossible for any person to come in contact with him and not leave a better man. And did all God's so-called ministers do as he has done, I think the world would be much better, and possibly the millenium would be in sight. To think of my actions—what they were, what they are, and what they ought to be—and to think of my future chances hereafter, are some of the impressions left from that visit.

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